

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

War-time
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Let Nothing You Dismay THE END OF THE GREAT BAMBOOZLEMENT IS COMING

ALL the good and decent things in the world are fighting for their lives against a maniac.

It is of our own proud Twentieth Century, and not of the Dark Ages, that history will have this to say. It was this century that brought mankind within reach of the Millennium. Even those who are young remember the high hopes of the nations as they set out twenty years ago on the march to the Better Days.

The Hopes of Men

War had been put out of the way. The great military despotisms had been utterly overthrown. The vast armies of men drilled for war had been dispersed to follow the ways of peace, the all-victorious Allies were to disarm, the League of Nations was to settle all the quarrels, and mankind was to be free to enjoy the beneficent fruits of science and invention. Happiness and prosperity had been brought within the grasp of all.

Alas and alack for the hopes of men. This century with all its wondrous powers, with its conquest of time and space, and its achievement of miracles that Nature herself could never have achieved alone, has fallen into the depths of human degradation. It has sunk so low that no age through which Civilisation has passed could equal it in pity and in shame. It has touched the moral abyss of Time.

The Jungle They Have Made

The continent of Europe is a wilderness. Its fair cities are looted and burned. Its people cry in vain for the common rights of life. Its conquerors look down like pitiless brutes on the jungle they have made. Wherever they put their foot fire and murder follow them. In the long and terrible history of evil has been no cruelty like theirs, no ugliness like the hideous shadow they have thrown across four hundred million human lives. They have made lying their gospel, cruelty their system, and murder their established business in the world. Armed

with the deadliest weapons of invention, backed by a hundred million slaves, they fly the skies by night and drop bombs like rain on palaces and cottages, hospitals and schools, green fields and crowded streets. It is like an incredible dream of an imagined world, but it is the world we live in every day.

We are not to be deceived by all this into thinking that evil is strong enough to overwhelm the earth. It has tried before and failed. Never in the long run have the powers of evil triumphed. Suddenly they have burst upon us with unprecedented strength, and fury, destroying unsuspecting nations, trampling down small free communities, and terrorising even France, the Citadel of Liberty, into abject surrender and defeat. In half an hour this Maniac of Berlin blotted out a square mile of one of the most famous scenes in any city on the earth, leaving its thirty thousand people lying maimed and dead. His murder planes are passing overhead with their loads of bombs as these words are written, and how poor words seem to tell of these events!

History Will Say This

But History will find the words, and they will say that though the powers of evil startled the world and made the Continent a wilderness, they threw themselves in vain against a little Island. They will say that though the powers of evil rose while Freedom slept, Freedom awoke, put on its ancient strength, and saved mankind at last. She saw her cities fall, her armies scattered, and death and ruin stalking through her streets, but she had seen it all before and stood defiant amid storm and fire, knowing that her foundations were well set and that her Island would not fail. If she had been too trusting, trusting in God yet forgetting to keep her powder dry, she had not lost her secret pulse and would recover. Her children would suffer while she armed herself with her ancient powers—that was all; but in the end the miracle would come, the

heavens would be opened, and Righteousness would be sitting on the throne.

It will be so. Let us not be deceived by the things we see. Far more important are the things we do not see.

*For while the tired waves, slowly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far off, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.*

Living Worthily

We are living characters in a great page of history—the greatest page of history ever written, men may say in a thousand years to come. Every writer knows that it seems useless to put what is happening into dull words, to try to write of such tremendous events in the presence of the Fate that determines them. History is unfolding about us and we are in it. You and I and all the rest of the ordinary people of the Island are in history with Alfred and Raleigh and Drake and Cromwell and all King Arthur's Knights come back again. We have to hold ourselves as bravely as they did, fit for their company, worthy to answer for ourselves on that great day when God shall ask the Island what she did in the world.

The Defiant Spirit

What we see from our window is our own familiar world. It is the little corner of the earth we love. But it is a small speck on the vast stage of these events that are shaping a new age. Every one of us is important now, but what is important is not so much that our house should stand as that our spirit should remain defiant and unbroken. Pitiful as it is to see a ruined street, a school blown into a heap of bricks, a gash in the stately front of Somerset House, or Milton's statue flung down beside his grave, it is nothing when we remember the things that are at stake and the vastness of the theatre of the war. It is not too much to say that the life of every country is in the balances.

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WE ARE THE BEARERS OF FREEDOM

WE are the children of Science that mated with Vision,
Sons of a song that was wedded to furnace and wheel
We are the riders of vapour and vastness Elysian,
Oceans impalpable dying in light at our keel.

We are the bearers of freedom to millions besotted,
Men that have moiled in the mill of the office or trade,
Losing their souls in the grind of the labour allotted,
Slaves by surrender to habit, the starved and dismayed;

We are the masters that bind to a new indenture,
Waking the soul with imperial call of adventure
In cloud and cold and infinite isolation,
The lure, the challenge, the quest, and the high crusade!

Frank Ernest Hill

Murillo Down East



This is not a Murillo, but Murillo painted nothing better. It is a photograph of three East End children in the Great Terror by which the Nazis are hoping to bring London to its ruin. We count it one of the best photographs of the war so far, full of tenderness and with a poignant beauty.

Joy Cometh in the Morning

THERE is a message of hope for these troublous times in gardens that were sorely stricken by the bitter frosts of last winter. Right and left trees and shrubs were destroyed as if by fire, and it seemed that the place thereof would know them no more.

But wonders have been happening. Great trees which were cut down as dead prove to have left lively roots unharmed, and from the roots new growths are springing. Where root and branch perished

together great has been the delight of gardeners to find that the life of the trees is to be perpetuated by seeds they ripened and let fall on fertile soil last autumn.

As Nature repairs her ravages so, remembering yesterday and planning for tomorrow, we will show ourselves not less capable. We shall repair the ravages we are now enduring, and make bad good and good better.

As the Bible says, Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

The Birds Miss the Children

A CURIOUS effect of the air raids is that suburban London's wood-pigeons have become voluntary evacuees.

They are seeking their friends, the children whose habit it has been to go daily to the parks with bags of food to feed them. The children no longer play in the parks, so the pigeons find supplies cut off, and now fly down into the streets and beg as fearlessly as poultry.

Here they have many rivals. Domestic upset has resulted

in home-bred pigeons being left deserted, and they, too, frequent the streets, fearlessly and many. The sight of the two species in company affords an interesting contrast.

The wood-pigeon, shorter in the leg, waddles, swinging its tail in half circles from side to side, whereas the domestic pigeon seems to peck its way forward, with the tail always kept in a straight line.

The sight of these many birds in the highways is delightful.

Let Nothing You Dismay

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the destinies of 2000 million people, and that what is being decided now is whether they shall be slave or free. Our homes may fall, our lives be forfeited, and incalculable sacrifices may be laid on the altar of freedom; but it is not too great a price for the driving of war out of the world and the winning of a greater measure of happiness for all the peoples of the earth.

And these things that we see are nothing compared with the things we do not see. Any maniac can throw a bomb and destroy a palace or a cottage, any brutal Caliban can destroy a civilisation he is not capable of understanding, but it is no sign of strength. The man who drops a bomb on a children's hospital instead of on an arsenal is a madman and not a conqueror; he is like a child throwing stones at windows and does not sap a nation's strength. Our answer is to devastate the sources of his power, and it is not to be denied that we are doing it. More than a thousand times we have carried the war into Germany, shattering her communications, burning her oil-tanks, exploding her munitions, sinking ships laden with stores, destroying her aerodromes; and in the countries she has trampled down her power has been shaken, her war plans thwarted, and new hope has been given to the unhappy people of the lands she has looted and burned.

The Invincible

We are not such fools as to copy Hitler's mistakes. We are not such brutes as to murder women and children. We would rather suffer injustice than inflict it. We know too well there is no victory that way, but only the revenge of a wild, baffled, and desperate man. Every blow we strike back at Germany saps his vital strength. Every time King Arthur's Knights come home from abroad they have redressed a human wrong and robbed oppression of its power. Let us remember these things we do not see as we look on that

sad procession of poor people from their ruined homes. Let us remember that they will build their homes again, and better ones, but let us remember this—that the myth of the Invincible Hitler is being shattered day by day. He was the god who would lead them to victory, would give them the world, and no harm should come to them. Country after country he conquered and enslaved and his people bowed down and worshipped him. Surely Deutschland would be over all. Once more they saw what they had seen so often—Europe in the grip of a German war with Germany unscathed, inviolate. Never had their country been invaded; never had a German home been shattered or a German town bombarded. Once more they were lords of Europe, and Hitler had promised that nothing should befall them on their sacred soil.

The Fooler of His People

And now this baffled man looks on the wreck of his great bamboozlement. He is invincible no more. The bubble has been pricked. It began with the miracle of Dunkirk. It was continued with the disablement of the French Fleet under his very nose. It is driven home by the failure of his attack on the Island. This lord of Europe at the gate of an Island unready and outnumbered is beaten and baffled by a peaceful people with a secret weapon he cannot create and cannot resist. He stands thwarted and bewildered while his country is broken day by day. *This god who has fooled his people is the first ruler of Germany to allow her to be invaded.*

We can afford to go on with our plan. We may risk people saying we are slow. Slow, perhaps, but sure, and the most significant thing that has happened in Germany for ten long years is the end of the great bamboozle that this man is invincible and unbeatable. He is a thwarted maniac seeking his revenge, and he is being found out. Let nothing you dismay. The day will come. **Arthur Mee**

Little News Reels

An old lady aged 84, of Harleston, Norfolk, has arrived at Vancouver for her daughter's silver wedding celebration; she travelled 6000 miles, and declared, "All Hitler's mines and U-boats will not stop me."

It is admitted from Vichy that hundreds of small ships assembled in French ports for an invasion of England have been sunk by the R.A.F.

The Treasury has received a cheque for a million pounds on account of income tax from the Halifax Building Society, which sends it free of interest three months before it is due.

In a case concerning a Blackout offence the explanation was accepted by the police that a very lively cat had jumped on to a switch and turned on the light.

Nearly a thousand people in New York have offered their blood for the help of British casualties in the war.

A German society in Philadelphia has protested against the barbarity of the bombing of London.

Fifty thousand packages of anti-tetanus serum are being shipped immediately to this country from Canada.

Three French Prime Ministers have now been arrested and interned.

Corporation workmen at Ramsgate, digging to prepare for an Anderson shelter, found an unexploded bomb dropped in the last war.

Nineteen-year-old Glyn Jones of the Home Guard is the first member to receive a Home Guard decoration for gallantry.

Freebridge District Council, Norfolk, have stored hundreds of panes of glass for emergency use, keeping the glass in putty.

Two young Cheshire boys, painting two yards of kerbstone white in the front of dozens of houses, charged a penny a time and gave the money to the local Spitfire Fund.

We have noted many unusual bequests; now a man has left £750 to the man who introduced him to his wife.

All Poles in Germany must now wear a badge to suggest that they are of an inferior race.

Scout and Guide News Reel

Senior Patrol Leader Spitter has been decorated with the Cornwell Scout decoration for courage, capability, and character; he is in the 30th Bath Orthopaedic Group, and has shown great fortitude and bravery throughout a long illness.

Forty Scouts of a West Country school have been spending their summer camp helping in general forestry work; during one month over 8000 oak trees, ranging in diameter from four inches to two feet, have been felled, trimmed, and stacked.

Guide headquarters in London has been busy sending to raid victims in the East End of London clothing made by Guides of Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

Every Little Helps

The Lifeboat Institution has received from a woman in Leeds her first week's old age pension; from a London mother a pound in gratitude for the safe journey of her children across the sea; from a boy in Ilford half-a-crown collected in halfpennies; and from a woman in Essex two pounds from the sale of the plums in her garden.

OUR SEVEN GREAT CROWDS

Those who love their London have long deplored the sprawling of its suburbs over great tracts of country, unregulated and uncontrolled, and the war has awakened us all to the folly of it.

But much more than defence is concerned. Good will indeed arise from evil if the war helps us to some action in the matter, but pity it is that so much building had been done before the facts came to be fully realised.

Our island is a small one, and motive power, got from coal, is easily distributed about it, yet we have allowed Greater London to be surrounded by new factories and houses as if there were not more suitable sites in abundance. In war the scattering of houses would be a safeguard; in peace it would be a great blessing for the health and social structure of our land.

Too few of us realise the facts of the case. London, together with the outer districts that are intimately and economically connected with it, is the home of about ten million people, or about a quarter of the entire population of England and Wales.

The Port of London almost entirely feeds these people and many more in the South of England. Indeed, to London Docks is brought the food of about one-third of the entire population of the country.

The railway map of England is like a spider's web, with all main lines concentrated on London.

In other parts of the country there is also an astonishing crowding of work and life into small areas, with practically 20,000,000 people, or approximately half our population, living in seven great crowds. The rest of the land is comparatively empty, as we can

see for ourselves on any railway journey. Each of these groups is a special risk in war, and an unhealthy factor in peace.

Here are the facts in round figures concerning these great areas and their population:

London Group	10,000,000
Manchester and about	2,500,000
Birmingham and about	2,000,000
Yorkshire West-Riding	1,400,000
Glasgow Group	1,300,000
Merseyside Group	1,300,000
Tyneside Group	1,100,000
	19,600,000

It was the heavy industries that built up the Industrial North, the inhabitants of which at one time thought of South England as a sleepy place, where industry did not prosper. It was forgotten that it was the local coal mines that made the North and the Midlands active in heavy trades. Now the new and lighter industries, which do not need to be near coal (as they can be worked by electricity almost anywhere) have made the South prosperous in industry. Factories naturally sprang up around London, where workers were readily available. With a little foresight this would have been checked and industries organised in suitable places, planned for the purpose.

So great has been the new development of the South that in the 14 years between 1923 and 1937 the number of insured workers in London and the Home Counties grew by well over a million, while Lancashire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Nottingham gained only one-third of a million. It is one of the problems the nation must face in the reorganisation after the war, and we should like to think that somebody is looking into it now.

The Voice in the Night

What a book of golden deeds could be written of the things that are happening nightly in the streets of London! Some of them, almost incredible in their valour, we learn by wireless and the papers, but some are unknown. Here is one of these.

In the middle of the night a private house in an exclusively residential neighbourhood was smashed by a bomb.

No sooner had the roar of the explosion and the falling of bricks, tiles, and glass subsided than footsteps were heard crunching amid the rubble, and a voice rang out: Don't worry, you're all right, for I'm here!

It was a London policeman who, steadfast on his beat a hundred yards from where the bomb fell, instantly recovered his breath and proceeded to arrest the consequences.

In little more than no time he had an ambulance on the spot, and five minutes after that a demolition squad, who speedily had the road cleared and the ruin left safe for passers by.

CONKER TIME

Conkers are ripe and ready again for gathering, and boys who can throw are busy bringing them down.

"Let them throw," said an artist friend of ours the other day. "Many a time I have stormed at them as one of the sticks they aim has whizzed past my nose. But last year, when the children were all evacuated, I felt like a citizen of Hamelin after the Pied Piper had charmed the children away. This year, I am so glad to have them back and about again that I don't care if they knock my hat off a dozen times a day so long as they once more make the village street ring with their merry shouts."

An Elephant's Head

A science museum at Moscow has received from Leningrad the head of an extinct elephant weighing about two tons. The distance between the tips of the tusks is six and a half feet, and it is claimed that the skull is the best preserved of any ancient elephant in the world.

Siberia is famous for the number of mammoths found preserved with their long matted hair, having been frozen in the soil soon after their death, and Leningrad Academy long ago proudly displayed a complete carcass discovered by Yakuts in the sandy bed of the Sangar-Yurach River.

They sent word to the Governor of Yakutsk, who communicated with the Russian capital. An expedition was organised, the carcass was dug out, and, carried on sledges, was drawn by reindeer 1200 miles to Bulun. Altogether it took six months to transfer this mammoth to what is now Leningrad.

Hitler Misses a Village

One of Hitler's murder strokes has gone astray.

Ten bombs were dropped in Kent the other night over a village lying between two lines of hills, but every bomb missed its mark, and all that was seen in the morning from the window where this is written was a series of white chalk patches in the green and brown fields on the hillside across the valley. The bombers had missed the village by a few hundred yards, and all the houses, the Norman castle, and the medieval church were as safe as the great Tudor gateway not far off, and the remains of Roman and Saxon Britain so tranquilly reposing underneath the turf.

Sharks Round Switzerland

ONE glance at the map shows us that Switzerland is like an island in a sea swarming with sharks.

At the moment the sharks are too occupied with their own affairs to bother about swallowing the island whole; then they might fall out among themselves about how much each one of them is to have. Moreover three-quarters of the Swiss people are German-speaking and therefore know perfectly well which shark is to swallow them.

The country has largely depended on its tourists and on selling its watches, and both these sources of income have dried up. Also it must

have coal to keep itself warm during the winter months, and it cannot see where coal is to come from.

An adventurous agency has arranged a system of road coaches and lorries to run from Switzerland to Lisbon and back. Britain and America are doing all they can to help at the Lisbon end; it is the journey that is precarious, because if these coaches succeed in reaching Spain they are none too sure of their reception. For them Portugal is the promised land.

It is clear that nothing can save the brave Swiss people except the British victory which is coming.

The GC

In his recent broadcast to the Empire the King announced two new decorations bearing his name. They are the George Cross which will be awarded to civilians for conspicuous acts of bravery and will rank next to the Victoria Cross, and the George Medal which will be given more freely to men and women for gallantry and distinguished conduct.

Admiral Lord Chatfield will be the chairman of the Committee on Gallantry Awards for Civil Defence which will advise the King about the granting of these high honours.

The White Spot

Wakefield (Yorks) has not had a single road death for six months. Thus, Wakefield is the nation's white spot for street accidents; and not only is the fatal figure reduced, but non-fatal accidents are also fewer.

**STAY PUT
and
STICK IT**

THE HUNTERS IN THE ATTIC

The hunt for paper for pulping is bringing to light surprises of which we shall hear more when peace returns. Much history lies in the attics of Old England.

It was in a Scottish home last century that a discovery was claimed which brought about a famous trial. A man named Alexander Humphreys laid claim to the earldom of Stirling, producing documents.

The most important of these appeared to be a charter granted by Charles the First, which if genuine would have made the claimant the heir by descent. The document was one of several leaves, the paper of which, as well as the stitching that held them together, was uniformly yellow as with age.

When the stitching was removed, however, the paper below was found to be as yellow as the rest, which could not have been if the document had been genuine. In the case of a genuine old document the paper below the stitching remains as white as when new.

This document proved to be part of an elaborate forgery.

ONE A DAY

That our railways are safe everyone knows. The number of passengers killed is usually less than one in a month. But this safety, let us all remember, is paid for by the workers in a dangerous calling. On the average, one railwayman is killed every day, while the number of injured is about 30.

THE BEST BOOK ON MIDDLESEX

We take these two appreciations from the notices of the latest volume of the King's England series (Arthur Mee's Middlesex, Hodder and Stoughton, 7s 6d). They are by those who know Middlesex best.

There have been many books on Middlesex, but never one better than this.

West Middlesex Gazette

Of all the books about Middlesex that I have read Arthur Mee's is by far the best. I know of no book that I would rather have with me if I wished to see all that was best worth seeing in Middlesex.

Middlesex County Times

POLAND UNDER HITLER

The forcible Germanisation of Poland is in full swing.

One measure is to turn the owners out of their homes, which are then sold in Berlin to German families.

A professor's wife thus expelled went back for some of her child's clothing. A German woman opened the door and said that everything was hers; she had paid for it in Berlin. When the Polish lady told her that none of that money had come to her, the German woman burst into tears, saying that she had no idea that was the case, and added, "Come in, and take anything you want."

The Great Munitions Army

ALTHOUGH the war is more than a year old, we are still training men and women, boys and girls, to become munition workers.

In another year it is hoped to increase the Munitions Army by about 250,000. This does not mean that the nation will necessarily be still at war in 1942, but it does mean that it is wise to prepare for all eventualities. Only by that means was victory won in 1918.

Very great care is to be taken in the training of young people. The rules include a provision that girls

Canada Has More Than She Needs

THE news from Canada of a magnificent harvest might well lead us to rewrite a well-known passage from the Psalms, thus:

The valleys stand so thick with corn

They weep and wail, for plenty's price

Is misery and sacrifice. . . .

The new Canadian wheat crop is of 560,000,000 bushels, and there is a surplus from last year of

270,000,000 bushels. The small Canadian population does not need this splendid supply, which has either to be sold abroad or stored. The available storage space in Canada and the United States together will only have room for 160,000,000 bushels.

So the farmers are advised to be particular in threshing and to select the best. That will not take them far, for the war in Europe denies

the power to buy bread to hundreds of millions of people.

There is a call upon the Canadian Government for loans to tide over the unhappy farmers who have thus produced what the world cannot buy.

Doubtless the harvest of 1941 will be carefully restricted, which means that Canada, suffering from plenty in 1940, must suffer from planned scarcity a year later!



Looking Up—A Snapshot in the Great Terror

CANYONS OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN

Off the Southern Californian coast where it slopes steeply to the depths of the sea are huge submarine canyons not unlike the great Canyon of Colorado on the land. Some are 3000 feet deep and have deltas like a river. They have been lately described by Mr Francis Shephard, the oceanographer, who points out the mystery of their origin and maintenance.

These ocean canyons are free from mud for the greater part of their length, but this is not due to tides but to oceanic eddies which sweep through them and keep them from silting up with sand. Only when the canyon touches the coast does mud appear, sometimes ten feet deep, but the rest of the deep cutting has a bottom of rounded gravel. The only likely suggestion about their origin is that once they were river cuttings on the land, and have sunk to their present level by the slow change in the height of the continental surface on its western front. Other signs of this sinking have been noted.

THE NAZI GULLS

One of our Regina readers has written to tell us of a strange sight she observed the other day.

The whole district near Wascana Lake had been infested with grasshoppers. Only the Franklin gulls seemed to know how to deal with these unwelcome visitors. Our reader saw the gulls gather in thousands and swoop down in a massed attack on the grasshoppers, snapping off their wings and legs so that the maimed insects fell to the ground. Then the gulls would land and make a leisurely meal of them.

SAFETY NOTES

The National Safety First Association is continuing to issue its excellent warning posters for schools, but in smaller size because of the paper shortage.

New lectures and slides have also been prepared to help teachers to warn their pupils of the special dangers in wartime.

Children should not play games, for example, close to damaged buildings or bomb craters, and in or near air-raid shelters, especially when these are under construction. Fields or other open spaces suitable for the landing of aircraft should also be avoided, and in no case should a child play more than two minutes' distance from home or school.

After an air-raid no unusual object should be approached or touched, but a grown-up person should at once be told of its position, and the grown-up should inform the police.

SCOUT HERO

The Guides and Scouts are splendid. We come upon them at midnight, vigilant watchers through the dark hours in our countryside.

They are as grim and gay as the Prime Minister would like them to be, and always they are full of good courage. One of the scoutmasters in Southern England has just received the Bronze Cross of the movement for an act of gallantry characteristic of the English spirit in time of trouble. Bombs had struck an ammunition train, and Scoutmaster Keen, who is a railwayman, began to uncouple the trucks and push them along the tracks away from those which were burning. Shells and lyddite were flying everywhere, but the scoutmaster went on, and with the help of volunteers he saved 45 out of 51 trucks. How great a calamity he averted can only be imagined, but imagination is easy, for some of the trucks were laden with the deadly explosive known as TNT.

Are You Sure it is True?

WE are all, we hope, on our guard against Careless Talk. Here are two stories about it.

Two business-men met in a Midland town, one saying: "I hear your brother has just made a cool three thousand in a business deal at Nottingham."

"I am afraid you have not got it quite right," replied the other. "It was not at Nottingham, but at Leicester. It wasn't three thousand pounds, but thirty thousand. He didn't make it, he lost it; and it wasn't my brother, it was me."

The other story reminds us that once we have passed on a rumour it flies here and there, and all our efforts to check it are in vain. It is

THE VERY HUMAN BOY

Miss Louise Morgan tells in a contemporary journal the story of 150 boys set down by the Government in a camp school near a village in Herts in the spring of this year. The villagers at first hated the idea, and had visions of 150 young hooligans let loose to annoy. Now, we are told, they turn out to cheer the boys as they march smartly on parade, and praise them for their willing help with weeding and harvest. No doubt a capable headmaster has had much to do with the result.

The boys were left behind by the great evacuation, and had suffered by running wild in London streets. Now they have come to possess a community spirit, to sing good music, and to find true enjoyment in Nature. The truth is that the average boy readily reacts to good influence, and we heartily congratulate Mr E. E. White, the headmaster. "Always be kind to a boy, for you never know what he may become," is a good motto.

AT HOME ABROAD

With the facility most children possess for picking up dialects, London children in Wales are rapidly becoming masters of Welsh; one youngster has actually won a prize for a Welsh composition. It is interesting to reflect that their new tongue will make these young people at home in one part of France when they are again at liberty to travel, for a Welsh professor tells us that by speaking his native language he is as much at home in conversation with the people of Brittany as with his own folk in the valleys of Wales.

A SOLDIER PAYS THE ARMY BACK

The officer in command of the Australian Imperial Forces camp at the Sydney Showground had a pleasant surprise the other morning.

A private strolled in to see him, and casually asked how much a fully equipped ambulance cost. About £500, the officer told him, wondering of what interest it was to a man earning five shillings a day.

"Is that all?" said the soldier, raising an eyebrow, and, taking a cheque from his pocket, he proceeded to write it out for the necessary amount, saying that he was making the gift to show his appreciation for all the Army was doing for him!

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Take up and store beet in a damp place where they will be safe from severe frost. Finish planting out cabbage for spring use, also coleworts. Chervil may be sown for spring use.

Continue to earth up celery. Take up and protect from frost any plants that will not withstand the winter, such as dahlias, fuchsias, lobelias, and pelargoniums.

the Irish story of the woman who repeated a piece of scandal and was sorry afterwards. She went to the priest, saying, "Father, what must I do to undo this evil?" And the priest replied, "Go to market tomorrow, buy two fowls, and pluck them as you come home. Then see me again."

She did as he commanded, walking five miles to market, buying two fowls, plucking them as she returned, allowing the feathers to fly in all directions on the wind. "And now," said she, "what more must I do?"

"One thing only remains," replied the priest. "Go back and gather the feathers."

October 5, 1940

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Encouragement

WHO doesn't like that story of the urchin and the old lady in a thunderstorm? The old lady was terrified, thinking that bombs were falling, but the urchin was full of good comfort, saying encouragingly: "It's all right, lady; it's God, not Hitler."

SLEEP

SLEEP is dear today. Never since Time began, we think, can there have been so many tired people. Will the night ever come, some of us may wonder, when we can go to bed like honest citizens.

The less sleep we get the more we talk of it and long for it. What would we not give to be like John Wesley, who for most of his life was satisfied with four hours of sleep?

On the other hand, may we not be forgiven now and then for wishing we could have the privilege of sleeping for seven years, as St David is said to have done, slumbering in an enchanted garden? Rip Van Winkle was even luckier, for Washington Irving tells us he slept soundly for 20 years; and Epimenides, the Cretan poet, did even better, sleeping for 57 years. He woke up to find his younger brother an old man.

Our counsel to our readers in these strenuous days is that they should form the habit of getting little sleeps as often as they can at any time.

The Staff and the Staff

WE hear of a business man who, thinking his staff rather lazy and indifferent, pinned up this notice:

Bread is the staff of life, but that is no reason why the life of our staff should be one continual loaf.

THANKS

EVERYBODY has been thanking the firemen for their heroic work in putting out fires during air raids; now one of the firemen has been giving thanks—to "those brave women who during the danger period kept us cheerful with cups of tea, the Salvation Army lasses, and also members of the Y.M.C.A."

Under the Editor's Table

A MECHANICAL bean-picker has been invented. We can give Hitler beans without that.

BREAD may be cheaper. Even though it rises.

MANY income tax officials have joined the Air Force. Know how to collect their courage.

A MAN who lost his sense of smell received £6000 compensation. The insurance company thinks it paid through the nose.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a loser can keep a winning smile

SCOUNDRELS

KARL SPITTELER was a German writer who had the good fortune to die before the Nazis had made the German name a thing of scorn and loathing. He was a teacher, poet, and essayist, and we may imagine that he had a strange foreboding of what was coming, for in the early years of this century he wrote an essay in which he said:

Give me six energetic scoundrels and I'll shake Europe to its foundations.

From which we gather that these six scoundrels have been reading Spitteler:

Hitler, Himmler, Hess, Goebbels, Goering, and Julius Streicher.

The Railways Are Splendid

WE think it right to say a word for the Railways. They are splendid. Nothing seems to upset them for long; they are like a piece of elastic, and ready for any emergency. With half their men in the Forces and their trucks choked with munitions, the Lines behind the Lines run with remarkable smoothness to get us home at last. Let us raise our hats to them, for we could not do without them. These also, like the Mississippi, keeps rolling along.

Hitler and the Crocodile

WE have come upon an interesting word or two in Abraham Lincoln's speeches which we are inclined to adapt. When it came to a question between the white man and the Negro, said he, he was always on the side of the white man, but between the Negro and the crocodile he was on the side of the Negro.

Looking at the things that are happening in the trail of Hitlerism everywhere, we feel constrained to say that if it comes to a question between Nazism and the crocodile we shall be on the side of the crocodile.

JUST AN IDEA

The more we give in the struggle for liberty the richer will be our share in the victory, says that friend of all the world, William Allen White.

THE FARMER, THE POET, AND THE HEDGEROW

FARMERS are farmers, and splendid men—most of them, loving Nature as they should do. But we beg leave to doubt the wisdom of the "Practical Farmer" who has been writing that our hedgerows ought to be pulled up by the roots. To him they are nothing but silly boundaries!

Practical he may be, but our farmer has much to learn of what it is that makes our country beautiful. We prefer the Poet's view, which is the view of the common folk, and is expressed in one of the poems of Mr Harrold Johnson, who considers the hedgerow in all seasons, and says this of it in spring, summer, autumn, and winter:

An English hedge is a pleasant thing

(He knoweth well who hath wandered far),

Snowy with may i' the bloom of Spring,

Drowsy-scented the clusters are ;

Pink and white in the Summer-prime

With fair, frail roses—a sight to see !

Come, gather with me in the harvest-time

The hazel-nut and the blackberry !

An English hedge is a pleasant thing

Even in Winter when leaves are dead ;

We see the nests not seen in the Spring !

Where the may and the roses were garlanded,

Hips on the briar and haws on the thorn

Are scarlet and purple and yellow and gay,

When the ground is hard and the birds are forlorn,

And the lilt of songs has died away.

Old Friend

WE print on the opposite page a poem by our old friend (and the old friend of a great multitude) Annie S. Swan, and it is a great pleasure to give news of her to the thousands of C.N. grown-ups who read her stories in the happier days of the world. She was writing delightful children's books long before we had thought of the Children's Encyclopedia, and is still writing for the older folk who love her fine tales.

Past the 80th milestone of life, Annie S. Swan is a remarkable example of the vigorous old ladies for whose spirit our country is so famous; it was only the other day that one of the most successful business men in England wrote to us wondering if the new generation would yield such women of distinction as Mrs Burnett Smith (as she is known on her registration card). Today she is working harder than ever, she tells us, and has just signed a three-year contract for serial work.

Cheerful optimist as she has always been, her gifted pen is lifting up the hearts of thousands of people in these dark days. "Nothing can destroy us," she writes to the C.N., "for God is in this and will be with us to the end."

May He be with her as He has been for 80 years and more, and with us all until our feet are set in the ways of peace again.

How the Ice Came to the Earth

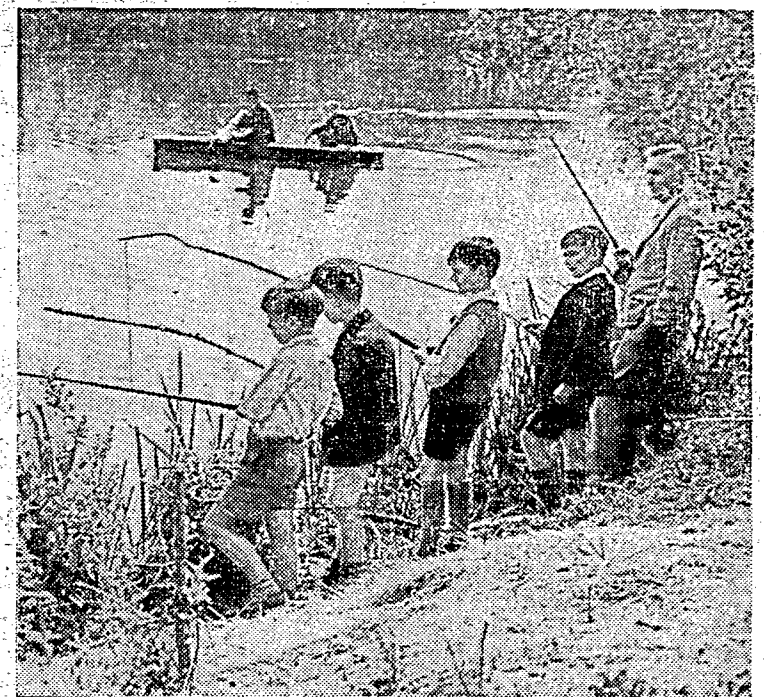
IN the first of all the Ice Ages 200 million years ago the glaciers spread from the Equator to the Poles, and mid-Africa was the Arctic region. This was long before the four more modern Ice Ages, when the Polar regions were in the same place as now, and in the last of which the race of men appeared on the earth. For these later Ice Ages many explanations have been offered, none quite satisfactory; but the earlier Ice Age has baffled every geologist.

Mr Ronald Ives has now come forward with a new idea which is like a fairy tale of science. He suggests that in the remote day when the first coalfields were being laid down the earth had a second moon which, like the moon shining on us today, was slowly coming nearer to the earth. Then it came too near for its safety and was torn to pieces by the forces of gravity

tugging at it. The pieces of this minor moon formed themselves into a ring like that which races round the planet Saturn, and threw a deep continuous shadow round the Equator.

In the shadow of this ring the Ice Age of the Permian period was born, and during millions of years its glaciers spread to India, South Africa, and even Australia. During the millions of years that followed the earth's ring of small and smaller fragments drew nearer still to the earth and at last descended on it as meteors or meteoric dust.

It is a romantic story, but Mr Ives is a careful authority, and this example of scientific imagination deserves attention as the solution of a problem hitherto without one. It accounts for the evidences of Arctic vegetation at the equator and tropic vegetation at the poles.



There are Still Quiet Corners in the World

A Brain Equal to the Times

WE should never cease to be proud that the brains of our scientific men are equal to most emergencies. One more example comes from that remarkable organisation, which the City knows as I.C.I. and most of us know as Imperial Chemical Industries.

In the wonderful laboratories of the I.C.I. there has now been developed, under the guiding genius of Dr G. W. Worrall, a new material which will make paper waterproof, even the poor quality paper of these war days. The research for such a useful property has been going on for ten years, and the result is a substance at present

known as W535—does it mean that it is Dr Worrall's 535th discovery? The new material is a kind of white pitch and is entirely produced at home. It is flexible and does not crack, and it covers paper with a moisture-proof film. Even jam can be packed into it while still hot, and is safe enough for export.

One machine already set up near London to use the material can coat a mile of paper in ten minutes, or in just over a minute a band of paper which would go from the top of Ludgate Hill, over the dome of St Paul's, and down into the street on the other side.

The Lost Dog Found

AN act of courage by a 20-year-old Australian brightened the darkness of a winter evening in the mining district of Victoria the other day.

Charlie Elliott was passing a disused mine shaft at Rathscar West when he recognised the distant whining of his dog Abby. The piteous sounds rose from the bottom of the shaft, and Charlie fetched his father, brother, and sister, with a rope, a lantern, and a torch.

With these tied about Charlie's waist the little group began to lower him down the shaft, a difficult

operation in the dark. It was not until he was 75 feet down that he felt scared, but at that point the shaft took a slant, and as he was lowered through the remaining 25 feet stones began to drop around him.

Recovering his foothold at last, Charlie called Abby, who came crawling out of a tunnel. Showers of stones fell on them, but their injuries were slight; both were soon hauled up to safety, and we understand that Abby is once again enjoying life scampering about the Elliott's farm.

ITALY'S CRUSADER

A Plato of Shakespeare's Day

In these days when an Italian tyrant is leading his people to ruin let us recall a great Italian who worked for a better world. He was Tommaso Campanella, who died in 1639.

So far ahead of his day and generation was he that after 300 years we have still not forgotten him. He was born in a little Italian village, and at five was distinguished for his wonderful memory; at 13 he had read and made notes on all the Latin authors; at 15 he became a monk. Ten years later he wrote: "All the books in the world cannot satisfy my greediness. I am dying for want of nourishment."

A Great Emancipator

Still young, he knew all his teachers could teach him, and was caught up by the spirit of a philosopher who was then spreading the doctrine that we must build up our knowledge, not on notions but on the foundations of experiment and experience.

Campanella went preaching and teaching through Italy, a great emancipator, a sort of mental John the Baptist proclaiming a system that was to clear the way for the scientific methods of our own times.

But he was eminently practical. His travels showed him that his country, once the home of the greatest people in the world, was under the political tyranny of Philip the Third of Spain. He saw that intellectual freedom was impossible; the stakes and gibbets in every town proved that the Spanish Inquisition was supreme. With the fierce zeal with which he had advocated mental liberty, he now set about securing political liberty for his country, planned a gigantic conspiracy, was betrayed, and thrown into prison. After being seven times tortured he was locked in an underground cell, and there he stayed for 27 years.

In his living tomb Campanella brooded over Italy. His active mind could not be imprisoned by the bars which kept his body from the world. He was allowed to have paper, pen, and ink, and with these

he wrote his famous books. They were smuggled out of the prison and given to friends who had them printed; and in this way Campanella's cell became his pulpit and platform.

At last the intercession of the Pope secured him his liberty. He was released from Naples but immured for three years in Rome. Even after that he was continually seeking refuge from persecution, though at the end he found a home in Paris, where he was received with great honour, and where he died.

In spite of all obstacles he made an everlasting impression on the world's thought. He was a second Plato. With Aristotle he takes rank as one of the most revolutionary thinkers the world has known. In his works he planned a complete reorganisation of society, and his City of the Sun is a Utopia planned on the lines of Plato's Republic, vitalised by the spirit of Christ. It is strange that this man of Shakespeare's day should have had visions of a State in which only a few hours of employment a day would be necessary. He was ahead of education by advocating that children should be familiar with the arts and crafts; and he was far in advance of all the thinkers of his day in raising the dignity of labour. In his new State birth and riches counted for nothing. What a man was able to do and what he was were all that counted.

Before His Time

Far-seeing in a blind world, impatient of shams, wise in an age of colossal ignorance, persecuted for his attempt to improve the individual life and reorganise society on a basis of cooperation and goodwill, Campanella suffered as all men suffer who are before their time. His work was frustrated, but throughout his life he clung to his ideals with a magnificent tenacity, throwing away wealth and position, home and comfort, in his adherence to his great mission, the awakening of men's minds to the knowledge of a better and a nobler world.

USE AND BEAUTY SIDE BY SIDE

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. May I show you this lovely picture of a Spitfire rising in space? It looks like a soaring bird. Do the makers copy a bird when they make it?

Man. No, the engineers do not copy a bird, for the main thing in an aeroplane, the propulsion by an internal-combustion engine driving a propeller (which airmen call an air-screw) has no corresponding part in a bird, which flies by muscular power exerted by its wings.

Boy. Yet the aeroplane looks so much like a bird!

Man. Yes, the aeroplane must have wings, and therefore it is not chance that birds and aeroplanes ride the air and that both are beautiful.

Boy. How does beauty come to them?

Man. It comes unasked, because Use and Beauty are one and the same thing, or, to put it in another way, because when a thing is made supremely useful it becomes supremely beautiful. This is a profound truth, which is exhibited alike in Nature and in Art.

Boy. I remember seeing pictures in the Children's Encyclopedia of the early attempts to make an aeroplane; the machines looked very clumsy.

Man. And clumsy they were, because real usefulness had not yet been captured. If you will get a series of aeroplane pictures, from the time Wilbur Wright made

a box-like glider down to the Spitfire of our own time, you will find beauty growing with each advance in usefulness.

Boy. And is that always true?

Man. Yes; let me give you two more examples. The ship grew from the boat, and both ship and boat were built for a definite purpose, not for beauty. As they grew in usefulness, however, they grew in beauty. The beauty came to them as a product of perfection in art. The sailing ship was beautiful; the steamship and motorship have lovely lines, the very grace of which helps the vessel to cut through the water. The streamlining of motor-cars helps them along and makes them graceful. But I can give you a finer example. Look at a fiddle. Its makers did not consciously aim at beauty of shape; what they sought was perfection of tone. In finding it, the old masters, Stradivarius and his compeers, gave us the fiddle we love, as beautiful in form as it is in sound.

Boy. And you tell me that the same thing is true of Nature?

Man. Yes. It is a lovely subject, which enlarges the mind, and may I point out to you that, as the human mind develops with good use, the countenance grows in beauty. The lines of the face are ennobled as they win expression from lovely thought. It is perfectly true; look about you and see.

NAPOLEON CALLING

NATIONS pass away, thrones crumble; but the Church remains. What is, then, the power which has protected this Church, thus assailed by the furious billows of rage and the hostility of ages? Whose is the arm which, for eighteen hundred years, has protected the Church from so many storms which have threatened to engulf it! Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires. But on what did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded His empire upon love; and at this hour millions of men would die for him. Napoleon at St Helena

Were All Thy Children Kind?

ENGLAND, model to thy inward greatness, Like little body with a mighty heart, What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do, Were all thy children kind and natural! Shakespeare

LITTLE EVILS

Do not make light of little evils, thinking them harmless, for even drops of water will at last fill a big vessel. A Japanese writer

These Things Shall Be

It is a hundred years this week since John Addington Symonds was born. He was the father of Dame Katherine Furse, and a wise scholar, poet, and dreamer who left these lines to inspire us long after he had passed away.

THESE things shall be: a loftier race Than e'er the world hath known shall rise, With flame of freedom in their souls And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong To spill no drop of blood, but dare All that may plant man's lordship firm On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land, Unarmed shall live as comrades free; In every heart and brain shall throb The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould, And mightier music thrill the skies, And every life shall be a song, When all the earth is paradise.

LETTER FROM A SOLDIER

TO my dear mother, a thousand greetings. First of all, I hope you are in good health, you and the family. When you receive this letter will you please send me two hundred shillings? Also send me a coat, a cape, a pair of leggings, the basin you promised me, a couple of pillows, and some underwear. And lastly, dear mother, send me my allowance right away.

This is from a letter found in the sands of Egypt, written by young Gamellos, native of the province of Egypt and soldier in the Roman army in the third century before Christ.

Till Danger's Troubled Night Depart

THE meteor flag of England Shall yet terrific burn, Till danger's troubled night depart And the star of peace return. Thomas Campbell



CARRY ON

Peace Was My Dream Last Night

PEACE was my dream last night. Beautiful upon the mountains she came On winged feet, bringing good tidings.

THE free and happy children ran Through magic doors singing to greet her, And old tired hearts long sick with hope deferred Were bathed anew in primal dew of youth. In camp and bivouac the fighting men Smiled in their sleep, warmed by the gleam From dear remembered household fires, While under darkened factory roofs Grim hands were slackened on the tools of war. Then suddenly arose from earth to heaven

A joyful noise from Freedom's orchestra. "Now thank we all our God!" they sang; And fell upon their knees.

THEN I awoke, to hear the birds of prey Still droning in the outraged skies. Mine was the dream and theirs the business, Reminding us of all the tasks undone— That we must fight enduring to the end So Honour shall be served! Peace, veiled but steadfast, said: "Be comforted; I too keep vigil in the tortured skies, And I will come again." Soon? Yes, soon. Take this for your remembering: If winter comes, spring is not far away. Annie S. Swan

THE CONQUEROR OF THE WORLD

OUR prince of peace in glory hath gone, With no spear shaken, no sword drawn, No cannon fired, no flag unfurled, To make his conquest of the world.

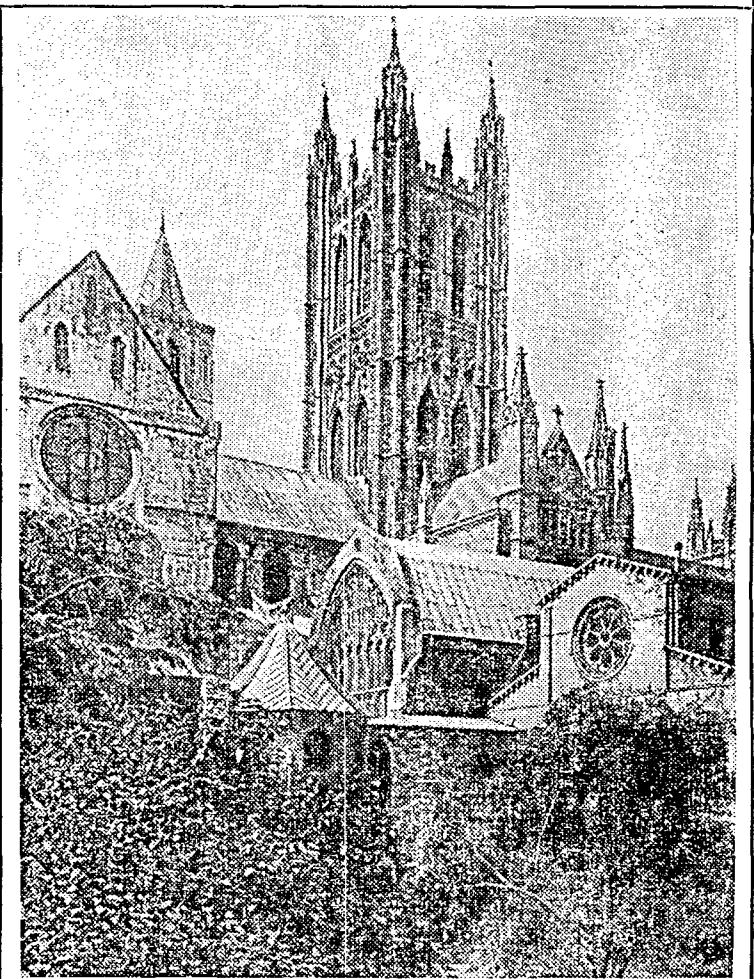
For him no martyr-fires have blazed, No limbs been racked, no scaffolds raised; For him no life was ever shed, To make the victor's pathway red.

And for all time he wears the crown Of lasting, limitless renown: He reigns, whatever monarchs fall; His throne is in the heart of all.

Gerald Massey on Shakespeare

A PRAYER THAT WE MAY BE THANKFUL

O God, my God, give me a heart to thank Thee; lift up my heart above myself to Thee and Thine eternal throne; let it not linger here among the toils and turmoils of this lower world; let it not be oppressed by any earth-born clouds of care or anxiety or fear or suspicion; but bind it wholly to Thee and to Thy love; give me eyes to see Thy love in all things and Thy grace in all around me; make me to thank Thee for Thy love and Thy grace to all and in all; give me wings of love, that I may soar up to Thee, and cling to Thee, and praise Thee more and more. E. B. Pusey



The majestic central tower of Canterbury Cathedral rising 234 feet above the cradle of our faith, for over a thousand years the chief shrine of our English Church

URANUS NOW IN THE EVENING SKY

The Farthest World Visible to the Naked Eye

THE far-off world of Uranus is now coming into a good position for observation, writes the C.N. Astronomer, and may be easily found in the eastern sky after about 9 o'clock.

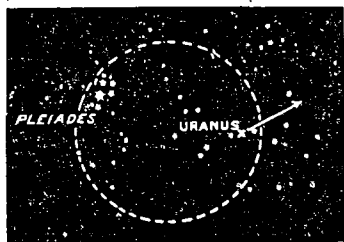
Uranus appears a little way below and to the right of the beautiful star-cluster of the Pleiades and to the left of the bright planets Jupiter and Saturn, whose position was indicated in the C.N. for September 7.

While just perceptible to the naked eye on a clear dark night, Uranus is best looked for through glasses, where it is in the same field of view as the Pleiades, as indicated by the broken ring in the star-map. This little point of light represents a vast world about 60 times greater than our own and with about 15 times as much surface. What an area for exploration! However, though we may see it, Uranus is for ever beyond the possibility of human influences, being today about 1745 million miles away, a distance that would take an aeroplane speeding continuously at 300 miles an hour about 664 years to cover. When we see this faint little star with our unaided eyes we should realise that it is the farthest world that it is possible to see without optical aid.

Its movement among the stars can also be seen, yet though Uranus is flying through space at about 15,000 miles an hour—that is some fifty times faster than a fast aeroplane—the distance Uranus will appear to travel in the course of the next two months will amount only to that shown by the arrow on the star-map. Moreover, this apparent motion is at present largely produced by the Earth's motion in her orbit, which is giving the impression of Uranus travelling backward, such as is given when we are in a fast train overtaking a slower one. The movement of Uranus will be of interest to watch from week to week with the aid of the glasses, and its course will be a sure means of identification.

If Uranus were as near to us as our Moon it would appear about fifteen times wider and present a grand sight, belted with fast moving clouds, largely of a pale greenish tint. They revolve so rapidly that details appearing round one side of its sphere would have sped across and vanished round to the other side in a little more than five hours, for it takes Uranus only 10 hours and 49 minutes to rotate.

Under such circumstances it would be the Earth that would have to go round Uranus as a moon, for Uranus is 14½ times more massive than our world and so has much greater gravitational pull in proportion. We would not notice this, however, were we on Uranus.



The present position of Uranus indicated by X, the arrow showing his motion during the next two months among the surrounding stars, which are almost as bright as Uranus

for objects would weigh only very little less than they do on Earth; a pound weight, for instance, would provide us with only about 15 ounces of goods, because the pound weight would itself have dwindled to 15 ounces when transferred to Uranus.

A curious circumstance resulted from the discovery of Uranus by Sir William Herschel on March 13, 1781, for it transpired that all horoscopes issued by astrologers previous to the discovery of this planet must have been essentially wrong because they took no account of its supposed "influence."

Not that these silly people are likely to be more correct since its discovery. G. F. M.

MORE STORIES OF IT ALL

SEEING the pictures of Buckingham Palace an old lady exclaimed, "What! The King's house bombed and mine untouched? I feel half ashamed to be so safe."

A WELSHMAN of the Guards who happened to be visiting friends in East London and saw an incendiary bomb fall, seized hold of it while it was sizzling, unscrewed the ignition cap, and put it out of action in the nick of time.

An old lady came into a village post office after a long night in the shelter and said, "Have you seen my piece of shrapnel?" Producing a very fine piece from her pocket, she said that as everyone seemed to have found some she did so want a piece, and found this "right on my doorstep." We talked about the lack of sleep, and she said, smiling, "Oh, we shall get over that, and if that's the only thing we have to put up with we shan't do too badly."

As we turned away we heard her once again saying to a new customer in the shop, "Would you like to see my bit of shrapnel?"

ONE of the raids destroyed the machinery of a meat-canning works at a time when five tons of meat were ready for the tins. One of the directors thereupon bought the meat out of his own pocket and made it into a meat and vegetable stew for the people whose homes had been destroyed near by.

ON the King's tour through the raided districts of East London a man within a yard of the King called out, "You're a great king, sir"; to which his Majesty instantly replied, "And you're a great people."

JOHN and Margaret, who play in the garden all day when the sun shines, are a cause of anxiety to their parents because they cannot be got to see that raids are serious things.

The other night when one of the raids was at its noisiest, and Daddy looked in to see how they were getting on in their underground shelter (which is one of two coal cellars), John (aged five) spoke up and said, "Daddy, we don't want to go to sleep. Won't you take us out to see the searchlights?"

A MOTHER having been anxious about her children went to inquire at the casualty stations, but was greatly relieved to find them awaiting her at home. Asked where they had been, one child replied, "Well, Mummy, after the cinema was bombed we came out and went to another."

A BISHOP has told the story of a raid in which he found a man of 40 whose child had just died in a hospital in south-east London. The bishop was talking to the man when news came that the man's wife and his other three children were dead. It seemed a tragedy too deep for words, but the bishop said a word and asked the man what he was going to do. "Do?" said he, "Why, join up tomorrow."

The LCC Girls Down in Devon TEACHING THEMSELVES AND HELPING US ALL

SOME London schoolgirl evacuees have been engaged on a task recalling one of the most fascinating countryside occupations of past days, that of the herbalist.

When Mr Emil Davies, the LCC Chairman, visited 20 schools evacuated to South Devon he entered a big hall where girls seated round tables were busily sorting out (and where necessary washing) herbs and roots. These had been gathered in the neighbourhood and were to be sent to a firm of druggists in London.

Many of the other schools were busy on open-air work, cultivating vegetables, feeding chickens, collecting waste, and so on; but the work on the herbs and roots must have been something quite unforeseen, though it is an indirect contribution to our medical services so urgent at the present time when the normal supplies from Europe have been cut off.

From very ancient times there has been a widespread use of herbs as medicine, and the old doctors often collected and prepared medicinal plants for themselves or employed a humble herb-gatherer.

Many of our familiar plants bear names acquired from this ancient practice, all - heal, lung - wort, liver-wort, and spleen-wort, for example. Though their efficacy is not always accepted today, there is no doubt that preparations from British plants have helped to cure our ailments. Henbane, rhubarb, valerian, and belladonna are of great value, while the overseas plants used for medicines include nux vomica for strychnine and cinchona bark for quinine.

Chemists have long maintained farms for the production of their drugs. When Peter Squire came to Oxford Street early in the 19th century to found the firm which has for a century been mixing medicines for our princes and princesses he brought his sons with him to help in London, but left his daughter in the country near St Neots to grow the herbs and roots from which the vegetable drugs were compounded. It may be that this farm at Basmead had something to do with the great age to which Queen Victoria lived; for she would always send for "Old Peter" when she felt out of sorts.

Come if You Dare

COME if you dare, loud vaunting foeman!
Come if you dare to our isles of the sea;
Come if you dare, soldier or yeoman!
We'll give you a welcome befitting the free.
Our rifles are ready, our aim shall be steady,
We'll show you the teeth of the wolf in its lair,
And give the full strength of you
Graves the full length of you:
Yes! every man of you, come if you dare!
Come if you dare, reivers and raiders!
Come if you dare to our beautiful shore;
Come if you dare, Nazi invaders!
Many or few you'll return nevermore.
One purpose shall fire us, one thought shall inspire us,
Each bullet we drive shall be true to a hair;
We'll give the full strength of you,
Graves the full length of you:
Yes! every man of you, come if you dare!
Charles Mackay adapted



JOHN BULL
From a cartoon by
Sir F. C. Gould

Macaulay Looking Forward to Our Time

Is the world getting better or worse?

In a famous essay Macaulay was able to prove that social life in the picturesque 16th century was in every way vastly inferior to life in the 19th century, and he challenged the pessimists with this question, which none of them has been able to answer:

On what principle is it that, when we see nothing but improvement behind us, we are to expect nothing but deterioration before us?

He has a passage of particular moment to the present time, which so closely resembles his own:

We see in almost every part of the annals of mankind how the industry of individuals, struggling up against wars, famines, conflagrations, mischievous prohibitions, and more mischievous protections, creates faster than governments can squander, and repairs whatever invaders can destroy.

A very remarkable passage was written by Macaulay in the despairing year of 1830, when he wrote that if he was to prophesy "that in the year 1930 a population of fifty millions, better fed, clad, and lodged than the English of our time, will own these islands, that machines constructed on principles

yet undiscovered will be in every house, that our debt, vast as it seems to us, will appear to our great-grandchildren a trifling encumbrance which might easily be paid off in a year or two, many people would think us insane."

What, we wonder, would Macaulay think now? He would probably have stuck to his guns of 1830, and give us the same advice as he gave to our great-grandfathers then:

Our rulers will best promote the improvement of the nation by strictly confining themselves to their own legitimate duties, by leaving capital to find its most lucrative course, commodities their fair price, industry and intelligence their natural reward, idleness and folly their natural punishment; by maintaining peace, by defending property, by diminishing the price of law, and by observing strict economy in every department of the State.

Let the Government do this; the People will assuredly do the rest.

It was because the spirit of Macaulay's counsel was pursued that the country was able to recover from the devastation of the Napoleon wars; and the devotion of our Government to the same spirit will enable us to recover from the devastation of today.

Wonderful Facts About You

42. How the Blood Renews the Body

The living flesh of the body is its fuel, and the more work any part of the body does the faster is that part burned or used up. Thus when a boy is playing football or a girl is dancing, the more quickly does the flesh of the legs burn away. Why, then, do the legs not get thinner? Here comes in the wonder of the blood, which, the more quickly the flesh is consumed, the more quickly brings food to that place to make more flesh. The blood also carries oxygen to that part to keep the fire burning while the boy goes on with his football or the girl dances.

THE ENGINEERS

The modern world has been largely made by the engineer, and we must use his work for the best ends. The aeroplane is a great idea which can be used for good or ill.

The engine is the heart of the aeroplane, and so good are the materials used, and the workmanship that moulds them, that we now have the remarkable record of transport aviation in the United States, which has completed a year in which 1,500,000 passengers were carried without serious injury!

43. The Little Brain That Directs the Body

Although the brain directs all the rest of the body it is really less than a fifth of the body in weight. The bones are about a sixth and the muscles and tendons about two-fifths. Taking the weight of a full-grown man's body as 155 pounds it is made up as follows:

Muscles & tendons	63 pounds
Skeleton	25 pounds
Skin	11 pounds
Fat	28 pounds
Brain	3 pounds
Viscera	14 pounds
Blood	11 pounds

A Maori Comes Into the War

A Taranaki Maori walked away from a recruiting office in Auckland with a very long face the other day. He had been told that he could not enlist because he had a wife and five children to support.

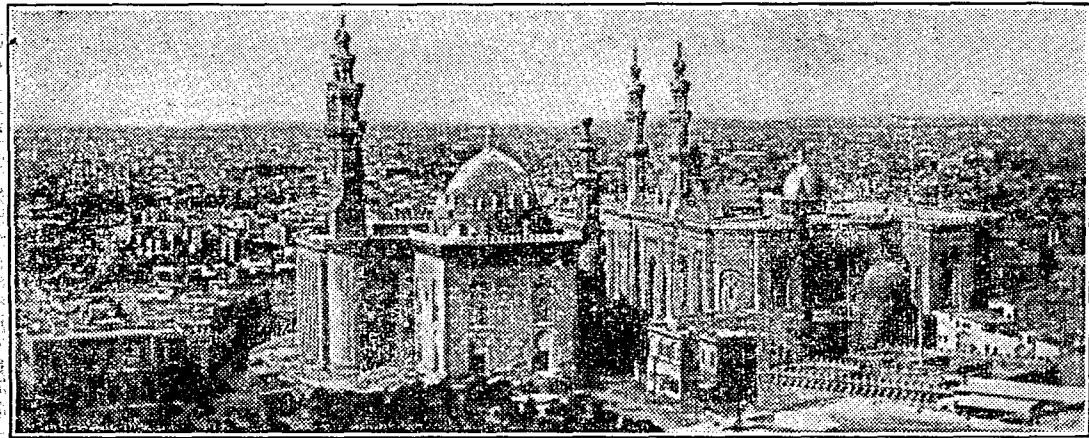
A fortnight later back he came with a broad grin.

"I have two children," he said. "What have you done to the other three?" he was asked. "Oh," said he, "I gave them away!"

THE GREAT SIGHTS OF EGYPT By Arthur Mee

1. Cairo and the Pyramids

The eyes of the world are on Egypt. So they have been since man began to travel, for there is no more captivating land. Let us look on this country of the Pharaohs, to which we can fly in peace time on any day we will. Its civilisation runs back 6000 years and more, and there is no land on earth that so impresses the imagination.



The minarets that rise above Cairo

THE colour and movement of Cairo are not to be forgotten, with the panorama of human life which never ends; with the thousands of lives which nothing seems ever to perturb; with the glow of the city in the sun as we look from the Citadel across miles of domes and minarets; with the population moving like ants on a hillside, with the river of life of Egypt winding behind and far beyond, ten miles and more, the Pyramids and the desert.

One wonders how many scenes there are in the world so vast, so solemn, so thrilling as this city on the edge of the desert in the glare of the noonday sun—this blending of colour, this mixing of peoples, this living picture of an ancient world. You are not surprised to be told that in those bulrushes Pharaoh's daughter found Moses floating in his

cradle; your surprise is rather that Moses is not there. Hawks fly past as you walk in the street, buffaloes draw carts and ploughs, white donkeys and black ones bear half the burdens of the town, boys and girls in flowing robes build houses when they should be learning alphabets. The faithful Mohammedan prays in the field; the unfaithful cries Baksheesh as you pass. Many women hide their faces behind thick veils; the children alone seem even as you and I.

AND who that does not know the East can imagine these miles of bazaars, with their thousands of sellers and seemingly no buyers; packed with everything in the world that nobody wants; with the most appalling things to eat and the richest things to wear; with the gaudiest and most miserable jewels; with

shoemakers, polishers, tailors, jewellers, coffee-grinders, and a host of busy folk working in the doorways or in the open front of shops; with every kind of work going on before your eyes; with the filthiest hovels on earth packed with gorgeous colours? The houses of this motley multitude climb high up, storey after storey; the pavements seem to be their factories. Somebody is for ever roasting chestnuts on the kerbstone, even at midnight, or making coffee on the flags, or displaying rings of bread and plates of strange confections on the ground.

See the white donkeys with their blue necklaces, the crowds of cows and buffaloes and camels in the road; hear the cackling hens in the shops, the stray sheep and goats in the busy streets. Hear the moaning of the carpet-man, the solemn dirge of the prayerful man. *Feel* the misery of these happy people. Smell their streets and shops. Escape, if you can, from the heap of fish in that window, from the carcase in that butcher's shop. Turn the corner and see their tobacco shops, the daintiest imaginable. Step inside their mosques; put your feet into their yellow sandals and see them at their prayers. Climb their steep hill to the Citadel and see the glory of their famous Cairo, the wonderful, unmatched, and unforgettable panorama of miles of domes and towers dazzling in the sun.

Old Father Nile

See Father Nile flowing by, as he has flowed ten thousand years, still bearing prehistoric craft between great palaces and waving palms; with the dim background of the distant desert rising against the sky, the Pyramids of Ghizeh plainly seen, and those of Sakhara, more distant still, looming far beyond. Stand here on the Citadel and watch the sun set over it all, and remember that the sun has set on this scene for probably more centuries than you can count years; that in the plain before you empires have been born, empires have been lost. People the arena with the great immortals—Julius Caesar, Mark

Antony, Cleopatra, Moses, and the Pharaohs; and then walk slowly down the hill, see the human relics of this great greatness, and wonder what life and this world mean.

Take a carriage at the bottom and drive ten miles. Three miles will bring you to an avenue lined with trees, "the avenue that never ends," and about you are oranges, bananas, and dates in the gardens, and buffaloes at work in the fields, led by men in long blue robes. But let them pass. Ahead, just in front of you, at the bottom of the road, stand the Pyramids. A mile goes past, and then another, and another. Still more miles pass, and more—and still ahead of you these great things rise. Rub your eyes and be sure you do not dream. Then at last the desert, shining in the sun and stretching on like a plain of gold, and in front of you the greatest structures that were ever built in stone, and the strange Sphinx.

WE are at the Pyramids, and as we look at these gigantic things, with neither beauty nor usefulness to plead for them, it is hard to think why men should have set them up. A sun shines down on them today as when Abraham and Moses passed by; the moon looks down on them tonight as on that night when a mother brought her Child into Egypt to flee from the cruelty of Herod.

The Great Pyramid is the most stupendous monument ever set up on earth, and the only monument which looks today, at any rate from a distance, almost exactly as it must have looked six thousand years ago. It is less useful in the world than a brick; it has no inspiration to give us; it is the most terrible heap of stones that has ever been piled up by human hands. And yet we sit in the sand and gaze at it with wonder, for it speaks of the time the Nazi Brutes have brought back in this world, when one man could chain a hundred thousand and drive them to labour like beasts of the field.

For twenty years a hundred thousand slaves worked to build this single pyramid, and they made this thing, which was merely to hold the body of a king, nearly three times as big as Saint Peter's in Rome, and fifty feet higher. Its foundations are set in thirteen acres of sand, and the stone it contains is nearly ninety million cubic feet, enough to make a pathway two-thirds round the earth.

A FEW miles across the sand lies Cairo, and through Cairo runs the Nile. Six hundred miles up the Nile is the Assuan Dam, a mile and a quarter long and 144 feet high; and this Nile dam, holding up enough water to make the desert blossom as the rose, has less than half the quantity of stone that is piled up in this pyramid!

It is hard to understand the feeling which moves a traveller to climb this monstrous thing, a perilous and difficult climb, needing two or three men to help, and taking hours; it is easier to persuade oneself to go inside, though he who has once been in is glad to be out, to mount his camel, to ride by the Sphinx and across twelve miles of sand to Memphis, through the lovely groves of palms which rise from the playground of the little boy Moses, whose home was here when Memphis was a busy town. One of many wonderful rides it is that the traveller takes from Cairo, and always he comes back to Cairo as to another world.

But it is not Cairo, even with the Pyramids, which moves the traveller who comes to Egypt for the first time. He is loth to leave it, glad to come back to it, and never for a moment lets the spell of it go; but Cairo, in spite of itself, is of this world, and there are great cosmopolitan cities elsewhere. It is when he takes the train from Cairo and steps out at Luxor in the morning that the traveller really feels he is back in ancient history, with Pharaoh on the throne.

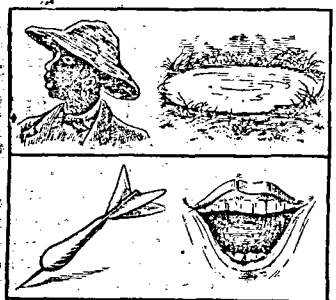
Luxor and Karnak

Under his feet lies Thebes. Buried beneath mud huts and desert sands, the thud of a hundred axes, the tread of camels with their burden of earth, the incessant plodding of an army of excavators digging up spadefuls of history, come to him like an echo from the lost city that was once the capital of an empire. Before him rise the impressive columns of the temple of Luxor, from which, three thousand years ago, an avenue of sphinxes a mile long led to the temple of Karnak, centre of an empire before Greece and Rome were born. It is nothing that this courtyard is 400 feet long, that those columns weigh a hundred tons each; it is everything that here sat Rameses, that here came Alexander, that here was the heart of the world in an age of which we can hardly think, that these huge stones were piled up here, by the greatest builders the world has ever known, thousands of years before Saint Paul's was built at the top of Ludgate Hill.

TO BE CONTINUED

BEDTIME CORNER

What Towns Are These?



These two picture puzzles represent the names of two well-known towns on the English coast.

Goodbye, Sweet Day

GOODBYE, sweet day, good-bye!
I have so loved thee, but I cannot hold thee.
Departing like a dream, the shadows fold thee;
Slowly thy perfect beauty fades away.
Goodbye, sweet day!

GOODBYE, sweet day, good-bye!
Dear were thy golden hours of tranquil splendour
Sadly thou yielddest to the evening tender

Who wert so fair from thy first morning ray;
Goodbye, sweet day!

GOODBYE, sweet day, good-bye!
Thy glow and charm, thy smiles and tones and glances,
Vanish at last, and solemn night advances;
Ah, couldst thou yet a little longer stay!
Goodbye, sweet day!

GOODBYE, sweet day, good-bye!
All thy rich gifts my grateful heart remembers,
The while I watch thy sunset's smouldering embers
Die in the west beneath the twilight gray.
Goodbye, sweet day!

Celia Leighton Thaxter

DEAR Lord, be with us through this night. Save us from danger. Give us peaceful rest if it may be, but if not give us strength to be patient in trouble and brave in peril. Make us of good courage, worthy followers of the Master who bade us Be not afraid. For His sake, Amen

"FOUNTAIN PEN" ACTION

The Gillott Nib with the new "Inkeduct Reservoir" attachment (Pat. No. 477466), gives fountain pen action with advantages of Gillott Stainless Steel Nib. "Inkeduct" opens for easy cleaning. Supplied with four patterns of nib.

THE INKEDUCT HOLDS THE INK. High-class stationers stock—or particulars can be obtained from Joseph Gillott & Sons, Ltd., on application.

Gillott's Pens
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS LTD., VICTORIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

MARIE ELISABETH

REALLY ARE SARDINES!

Keep some in your store cupboard—an always ready meal.

THE BRAN TUB

We Are Not All Alike

A MAN went to a dentist to have a tooth stopped, and for about five minutes the dentist's electric drill was grinding on the nerve of the decayed tooth. At last the patient could stand it no longer, and said:

"I gather from the sign over your door that you are a Painless Dentist. I should just like to remind you that although you may be painless I am not."

Arithmetical Problem

"OUR trade has increased enormously," said the manufacturer. "Last month the output of screws ran into six figures; and the strange thing is that if we produced four times the number the figures would be the same, but exactly reversed."

What was the output of screws?
Answer next week

Hannibal's Great Feat



A BOY during a lesson in Roman history said that Hannibal had the greatest feet in history, as shown by his famous march over the Alps.

Tender-Hearted

A TIGER who'd captured a hind Resolved that for once he'd be kind. So he growled, "Go and play Until supper-time, say, For I seem to remember I've dined!"

Do You Live at Grimsby?

THIS name means Grim's dwelling. Who Grim was we do not know, but the name was a very common old English one, and as the town has existed from the days of Canute it was probably a settlement that grew up round the home of some chieftain who settled there.

Grimsbury, in Berkshire, and Grimsstock, near Colleshill, also take their names from a person called Grim; but Grimscoate, near Whitchurch, was originally called Kilmescote, of which it is a corrupted spelling. This means Kenelm's cot.



A good October and a good blast
To blow the hog acorn and mast

How Jenny Lind Wrote Her Name

THIS is the signature of Jenny Lind, who was born at Stockholm, Sweden, on October 6, 1820, and became one of the most famous singers the world has known. She married in America a musical con-

ductor called Goldschmidt, but spent a great deal of her time in England and was for three years a professor of singing at our Royal College of Music. She was especially popular in London.

Epitaph on John Bunn

HERE lies John Bunn,
Who was killed by a gun.
His name wasn't Bunn; his real name was Wood,
But Wood wouldn't rhyme with gun, so I thought Bunn would.

A Very Mixed Metaphor

A PATRIOTIC M.P. once said: "The British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns or retire into its shell."

A Swarm of BBB

A SWARM of fat, lazy young BBB Set out to disturb the sweet PPP. When 'U asked them "Y?" With a wink of the I They said, "Oh, we're quite at our 'EEE!"

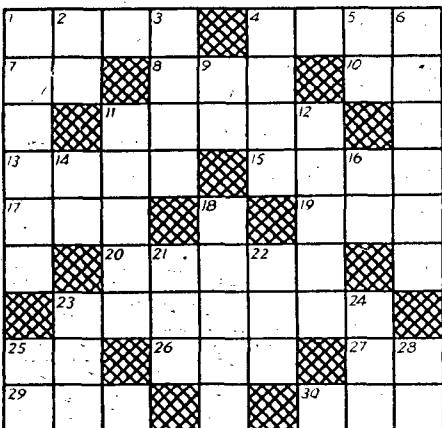
I said, "If you harm those dear PPP, Or continue the sweet things to TTT, Then the first little B That I happen to C Shall be banished straight over the CCC!"

Jacko Guesses Wrong



JACKO was very fond of the Waxworks. Just inside the door one morning he noticed the figure of a policeman, as large as life and quite as natural. Jacko chuckled. Going close up to it, he gave it a sharp prod with an umbrella. With an angry roar the figure came to life! Alas, poor Jacko! That was no waxwork.

Half-Hour Cross Word



Asterisks indicate abbreviations. Answer next week

Reading Across. 1 Central part of a church. 4 Rome-Berlin. 7 A printer's measure. 8 Child's name for Father. 10 Saint. 11 To accept as true. 13 Neat. 15 Rise and fall of the sea. 17 A constellation. 19 High artist's honour. 20 Pertaining to the extreme North or South. 23 Native of an enemy country. 25 Policeman. 26 A slender straight stick. 27 Above and touching. 29 A primary colour. 30 A poem.

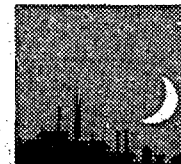
Reading Down. 1 A stinging plant. 2 Morning. 3 Small whirlpool. 4 A horizontal entrance. 5 Exists. 6 Little river. 9 Same as 2. 11 To choose. 12 An ornamental coronet. 14 For example. 16 Doctor. 18 To assign. 21 Used when rowing. 22 Assist. 23 Frozen water. 24 To incline the head. 25 Pair. 28 Compass point.

Acrostic

My first is in hubbub but never in noise.
My second is found in enjoyment and poise.
My third is in happiness, also in health.
My fourth may be doubled, and then it's in wealth.
My fifth is quite welcome when meaning a drink.
My sixth (when it's plural) describes you, I think.
My whole, if you freely use water and soap,
Is a much-desired asset for which you may hope. Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus are in the



east. In the morning Venus is in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 7 o'clock on Sunday evening, October 6.

Careless of Them

AN old lady on the quay was anxiously watching a ship. "They've just dropped their anchor," a sailor remarked. "Dear me, dear me," replied the old lady; "I was afraid they would. I've seen it dangling outside for a long time."

What Am I?

A FAVOURED Christian name am I,
An implement for every car;
Also in bowls a vital thing,
A fish as well, and there you are.

Answer next week

A Hard-Headed Man

SOME years ago a stone was thrown at a very famous man, but it missed him. The attack caused a great sensation at the time, and many were the messages of congratulation on his lucky escape received by the man. These messages prompted the following verse from a great friend of his:

Talk no more of the lucky escape
Of the head
From a flint so unluckily thrown;
I think very different, with thousands indeed,
Twas a lucky escape for the stone.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Heading. Poppy, pike, pine, plume, moth, pheasant, puffin, poplar, puss moth, primrose.

The Mysterious Number. 37

The Restaurant Sign. The man said, "You have left too much space between 'Luncheons' and 'and' and 'and' and 'Dinners'."

Ici on Parle Français

The Tarantula

A lady who lives in Bengal gives the following experience of how music fascinates the tarantulas.

While music was being played, a host of peculiar creatures, like huge spiders, marched into the room.

When the servants were asked the meaning of this they said the tarantulas were very fond of music, and each time we played would swarm into the room for the pleasure of listening.

As music was one of our greatest pleasures in the evening we told the servants to drive the tarantulas away, and they did so by making fearful noises.

La Tarentule

Dans ce qui suit, une dame, habitant le Bengale, nous informe de l'attrait qu'a la musique pour les tarentules.

Tandis que nous faisons de la musique, une théorie de créatures bizarres, ressemblant à des araignées énormes, entra dans la chambre.

Nous demandâmes aux domestiques ce que cela signifiait; ils répondirent que les tarentules adoraient la musique; et que chaque fois que nous jouions, elles entraient en foule dans la chambre pour le seul plaisir d'écouter.

Comme la musique était une de nos principales distractions de la soirée nous ordonnâmes aux domestiques de chasser les tarentules, ce qu'ils firent avec un vacarme épouvantable.

MOTHERS LEARN VALUE OF 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'



Because it is so helpful in keeping babies and children healthy and happy, every mother should know about the many uses of 'Milk of Magnesia.'

This harmless, almost tasteless preparation is most effective in relieving those symptoms of babies and children generally caused by souring food in the little digestive tract, such as disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, colic. As a mild laxative, it acts gently, but certainly, to open the little bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments.

A teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia' does the work of half a pint of lime water in neutralizing cow's milk for infant feeding, and preventing hard curds.

Obtainable everywhere, at 1/3 & 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

Children's Teeth in War-Time



Even in war-time a child's diet must contain a proportion of sweet things for nourishment and energy. But sweet things cause acid-mouth, which encourages the germs which attack and decay the teeth. To protect the teeth a child's toothpaste should contain plenty of 'Milk of Magnesia,' the most effective neutralizer of mouth acid known. Only in one toothpaste is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid to be found, and that is Phillips' Dental Magnesia, which contains 75%.

Children who use this pleasant-tasting toothpaste regularly always have the whitest teeth and are practically free from decay, with its distressing toothache and disfiguring gaps. Get a tube today.

Sold everywhere, 6d., 10d. and 1/6.

**PHILLIPS'
DENTAL MAGNESIA**

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.